

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

All Kinds of Job Printing Neatly Executed.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at my Back."

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

35th YEAR.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1909.

NO. 8.

THE "WE THREE" IS NO MORE

This Splendid Craft Was
Burned at Spottsville.

LEFT EVANSVILLE TUESDAY

And Took Fire at Spottsville—Burned In 40 Feet of Water.

The gasoline packet, "We Three," running between this place and Evansville, Ind., was destroyed by fire at Spottsville last Tuesday night. The boat burned to the water's edge and sunk in about 40 feet of water, entailing a loss estimated to be about \$5,000. The boat had a barge in tow and the most of its cargo was on it, which was set adrift when the fire was discovered, otherwise the loss would have been greater. It is the boat's custom to lay all of Tuesday night at Spottsville and on this particular night the boat was tied up as usual and as the crew was preparing to "turn in" one of them struck a match in the engine room for some purpose and the match broke and the end that was affixed to the floor where some gasoline had been spilled. The gasoline quickly ignited and it was only a few minutes until the flames were beyond control. There were three horses on the boat consigned to Mr. B. B. Collins, of this place. They were taken from the burning vessel which was then shoved out in mid stream, but strange to say two of them swam back to the burning boat and persistently remained there until they were either burned to death or drowned. The cargo was consigned mostly to Hartford merchants and their losses are about as follows:

Carson & Co., loss \$217.85, no insurance.
J. C. Her, loss \$90, no insurance.
Shroader & Co., loss \$75, fully insured.
U. S. Carson, \$35, wholly insured.
Ohio County Supply Company loss \$20, wholly insured.
A. D. White, loss \$50 with \$25 insurance.
Fair & Co., loss \$50, no insurance.
Thomas Bros., loss \$50 with \$30 insurance.
James Lyons, loss \$65, wholly insured.
John W. Taylor, barber supplies, loss \$10, no insurance.
The boat was owned by Capt. Wm. Forman and it is a total loss. It had made weekly trips to all points on Green and Rough rivers between Evansville and Hartford and had become almost indispensable to the local merchants and few disasters could have happened that would have been felt by so many people. The owners of the boat are not responsible to the shippers. The bills of lading state that the boat does not assume responsibility for loss in case of unavoidable accidents, such as fire or sinking.

A new gasoline boat is now being built at this place, and when completed will be placed in this trade. The crew of the "We Three" were rescued from the ill-fated vessel by the Markel, a local show boat. Aside from a few slight burns they escaped without injury. As soon as the news of the disaster reached Hartford Capt. R. C. Porter steamed by his gasoline towboat, the Robt. E. Lee, Jr., and went to Rumsey and brought the crew home, where they arrived Friday afternoon.

How Often You Hear It Said

"What fine hair" he or she has. It's the main thing about everybody's personal appearance that they ought to cultivate. A good suit of hair makes anybody look well. It's a prize that only a few people possess. And yet there is no need of it being otherwise, when Ault's Hair Tonic is so effective and so cheap. Nothing so good on the market. Z Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, sell it at 50c per bottle and warrant it.

ROCKPORT

Feb. 19.—Bro. Gardner, of Beaver Dam, filled his regular appointment at this place Saturday and Sunday and organized a prayer meeting to be held every Wednesday night. The Ladies' Aid met Thursday, Feb. 18, with Miss Mamie Tichenor. We met

at the church and secured the books. After arriving at her home the Aid was called to order and the 14th chapter of John was read by our Vice President, Mrs. Layton, after which she prayed a very impressive prayer, which was greatly enjoyed by all that were present. Many beautiful songs were then sung for the benefit of the sick girl, who seemed to enjoy herself, notwithstanding she has been shut in her room for three years. Again the Aid was called to attend to business and we closed our exercise by singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

MCHENRY.

Feb. 22.—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Tichenor died last Monday. Interment in the West Providence burying grounds.

Quite a number went from here and Render to Hodgenville the 12th. Among those that went were Misses Annie Millard, Nell Harris and Lucy James, Messrs. Robt. Simpson, Will Duncan, Wm. Hamilton, Ed Gwynn and Joe James. All reported a fine time.

Mrs. Ed Gwynn, who has been ill for some time, is some better at present.

Miss Verda Ashby and Mr. Clarence Ashby, of Livermore, spent several days of last week in town.

Dr. J. E. Baily, of Central City, was in town Sunday.

Mr. W. C. Smith has bought the property of Mr. J. C. Kelly and has moved to same.

Mrs. J. Smith and daughter, Annie, have gone to Alabama to spend several months with Mrs. Smith's daughter, Mrs. Bruce Doyle.

Mrs. Roberta Taylor and children, of Beaver Dam, were in town last week.

Miss Grant, of Central City, spent Sunday with Miss Algia Tichenor.

Miss Blanche Russell, of Echols, visited in town Saturday.

The young people of Williams Mines will celebrate Washington's birthday with a dance at the skating rink tonight.

A Word From Palo Local, A. S. of E.

Palo Local Union, No. 607, of the A. S. of E. met in regular session on Saturday evening, Feb. 13, 1909, with chairman presiding. A good attendance was present, and quite a great deal of business was transacted.

The tobacco acreage and pooling pledges were presented to the body and after being read and discussed for a short time, nearly all present Palo Union is a wide-awake local and in splendid working order. The members are working hand-in-hand for the welfare of each, because they have already seen the result of organization. It is believed that most all in the district will pay up their dues, and by so doing they will help to strengthen the cause of Equity and at the same time will share the burden of organization. The farmers of Palo Local are beginning to realize the fact that "In Union There is Strength," and that the American Society of Equity is the grandest and best means by which the farmers may unite to protect the general welfare of each.

Yours for Equity,

J. H. DODSON, Pres.

E. D. DUKE, Sec'y.

Revolts at Cold Steel.

"Your only hope," said three doctors to Mrs. M. E. Fisher, Detroit, Mich., suffering from severe rectal trouble, "lies in an operation." "Then I used Dr. King's New Life Pills," she writes, "till wholly cured." They prevent appendicitis, cure constipation, headache, 25c at J. H. Williams, Hartford.

HERBERT.

Feb. 20.—Little Helen Taylor has been quite ill, but is better.

Miss Mattie Barnett will spend tomorrow with her sister near Whitesville, Mrs. Sam Hawkins.

Mr. E. M. Miller went to Whitesville Thursday with his tobacco.

Messrs. Arthur Ford and Chester Smitzer went to Whitesville yesterday after goods for our merchant here.

Uncle Ed Miller is not well at this writing. He is suffering with a severe cough and a pain in his side.

Mr. Geo. Obenchain, who has been in the army for twenty-odd years, is the guest of his mother and sister here. He has enlisted again for three more years and will leave shortly for the Philippine Islands.

Notice.

The stockholders of the Hartford Tobacco Warehouse Co. are notified to meet at Hartford, Ky., Saturday, Feb. 27th, at one o'clock p. m. Important business.

LUDDY FORD, Sec'y.

CELEBRATION FOR A. LINCOLN

At Hodgenville, Thursday,
February 12, As

SEEN BY AN OHIO COUNTY MAN

Desolation Marks the Site at
Present, But Destined to
Become Flowers.

Editors Herald:—I shall appreciate the privilege of telling as I saw it, your readers of the Lincoln day celebration at Hodgenville Friday Feb. 12th.

The focus of the eyes of the nation for a day, Hodgenville is but an ordinary old county seat town not quite so large nor nearly so pretty as old Hartford.

Arriving at the Hodgenville depot at seven in the morning the only spectacle presaging the great event was about two acres of vehicles packed sardine fashion on the common near the depot. Buggies, surreys, traps, runabouts, spring and road wagons of every type of make and representing every stage of decay were ready to answer the roll call of duty.

Horses of every conceivable description from the caparisoned thoroughbred to the windmilled and spavin jointed pluggs, alike awaited patiently this service. On account of a cold rain falling the early arrivals showed no haste to depart for the farm three miles away, and five hundred farmers sat impatiently in their open wagons in a dreary rain for several hours. About ten o'clock the clouds thinned and the exodus to the Lincoln farm began. The road to the farm had been newly laid with cinders but was so narrow two wagons could scarcely pass except at intervals. Mounted police from Louisville were stationed at regular posts along the road and so perfectly were the thousands of people handled that no accident occurred. My party arrived at the gateway to the farm about twelve o'clock and from an eminence paused to take a first look over the historic grounds, surrounded by beautiful level or undulating farms the Lincoln farm resembled the ocean driven by a hurricane seemed strangely out of place. Not a level acre graced the Lincoln homestead. Three little hills rising to a height of no more than fifty feet are a score in number and the beholder wonders whether the elder Lincoln was the latest comer to the neighborhood or chose the site because of the never-falling spring. Varied here and there by patches of sassafras or persimmon sprouts these red hills are barren as a desert. The cabin a quarter of a mile from the public highway is reached by a cinder path whose serpentine course along the crests of the string of red hills reminds one of a monster black snake.

Except for the concrete base upon which the cabin now stands the artistic hand of man has not yet adorned the farm that history has already raised to imperishable fame. Required in a word to describe the Lincoln farm I should write "Desolation." The history of the Lincoln cabin as related to me by an old man who was born and reared on an adjoining farm is briefly told. Until a dozen years ago it stood where Thomas Lincoln left it nearly a century ago, when a Mr. Davenport bought it not for its historical but for its practical value, and moved it about a mile and a half away where it stood until four years ago when a gentleman, the notation of whose name I have lost, appreciating the possible value of this Lincoln relic built the owner of the cabin in a nice farm residence for the cabin and at once put it on exhibition in various cities of the United States. About two years ago Robert Collier of Collier's Weekly, bought the historic cabin and organized the Lincoln Farm Association, a corporation in which no one may contribute less than twenty-five cents, nor more than twenty-five dollars, and every contributor whether he pays the lesser or larger sum, will receive an engraved certificate of membership and have his name entered on a scroll that will be forever preserved in the Lincoln museum (my name will be written there.)

The cabin is eighteen feet square and high enough for the traditional scuffle hole in one corner. The logs are small and rough hewn or "skelped." There is no doubt about the genuineness of the logs except the three top rounds which are admittedly interpolated to supply as many stolen while the cabin was stored in an eastern city. It has two doors and one small square paneless window. The roof is of loose boards held in place by ribs and knees and the sick chimney is a tumble down affair but these are not of course original but are supplied to complete the harmony of the building. The cabin stands in the center of a concrete base some forty feet square upon the margin of which will be built the marble museum that will shelter the cabin forever within which will be preserved every relic of Lincoln that patriotism will yield up. Six soldiers' night and day guard the rude but sacred edifice. The waste fields of the Lincoln farm will be speedily converted into a national park and on the twelfth day of February 1910 will be formally turned over to the national government by the Lincoln Farm Association. The spring at the foot of the hill some seventy-five yards below the cabin is now the most famous fountain that flows from American hills. It is in a sink hole about ten feet deep and after flowing about ten feet across a rock sheltered by a shelving rock above, drops into the ground and is lost from sight.

A great tent swayed with the gusts of a south wind while Gov. Wilson and ex-Gov. Folk, of Missouri and Theodore Roosevelt recounted the valor and the virtues of the great man whose birth was here. The President's sweet faced wife and beautiful daughter and the charming Mrs. Wilson graced the platform from which the nation's great men spoke but to me the hour of the living great had not yet come. The spirit of the great man in whose honor we were there seemed to hover gently over it all. Unmindful of the throng I stood before the crumbling cabin overwhelmed with love for that country in which from this the lowliest and meanest condition of birth a boy might rise to the first and the highest condition of power and imperishable fame. I looked upon the axe marks on the cabin walls and reflected how little Thomas Lincoln dreamed that marble walls one day would be raised an enduring barrier against the decay of the labor of his hands.

I drank the crystal waters of the Lincoln spring and thought solemnly how foreign to the thought of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln that sabre soldiers would one time restrain ten thousand thirsty men until the President of eighty millions of people had first drunk from the coursing stream.

Looking a last time upon the lowly cabin I remembered with melancholy sadness how just one hundred years before, within those coarse and barren walls that noble but rustic mother impressed a first kiss upon a brow destined to be one day wrinkled with the cares of a dissolving nation, and finally, looking heavenward, I could scarce repress the wish to send a message of the day across the bridgeless gulf to those rugged parents of potential immortality.

J. H. THOMAS,

Narrows, Ky.

BEAVER DAM.

Feb. 22.—Baugh & Kinnmonth have bought D. L. D. Sanderfur's store and are doing a hustling business.

Mrs. Sally Berry, who has been very ill, is no better at this writing.

Mrs. Holt, of Dyersburg, Tenn. is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Rummage, whose little son, Ben, has been quite ill of pneumonia.

Dr. W. P. Westerfield, who has been visiting friends and relatives here, has returned to his home at Rochester.

The M. E. Church gave a play Friday night which was much enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Ben Runnige is on the sick list.

Mrs. Daisy Sharer, of Dahlart, Tex., is visiting her parents, Capt. and Mrs. A. B. Stanley.

Rev. A. B. Gardner filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. John M. Hudson, of Marion, Ind., is visiting friends at this place.

Eld. G. H. Lawrence filled his regular appointment at Cane Run church Saturday and Sunday and returned home Sunday night.

Browder to Hang.

Rufus Browder, colored, charged with the murder of James Cunningham, a white man, was found guilty at Russellville one day last week and sentenced to be hanged. The case will be appealed. Browder was sent to the

DEATH PENALTY WITHOUT JURY

For Negro Brute Who
Killed White Girl.

24 HOURS AFTER THE CRIME.

Jail is Being Guarded to Prevent Attempt to Lynch the Negro.

Roanoke, Va., Feb. 19.—Aurelius Christian, a negro, who criminally assaulted Miss Mary Dobbs, the pretty fourteen year old daughter of a prominent Botetourt county farmer, was today sentenced to die in the electric chair in the State penitentiary on March 22. Christian was taken from Clifton Forge to Fincastle today and tried at a special sitting of the court by Circuit Judge Anderson, who accompanied the negro and officers to Fincastle.

The negro was indicted by the grand jury and Judge Anderson appointed three lawyers to defend him.

At a conference between the lawyers and prisoner, Christian made a confession which he later repeated to the judge.

The court heard three witnesses who established the time and place of the crime. No jury was summoned.

The judge accepted Christian's confession and imposed the death sentence.

The negro was hiding in the woods when Miss Dobbs passed by on her way to a store when he seized her and after assaulting her cut her throat and stabbed her three times, "to keep her from telling."

Christian showed no signs of fright. The sentence came within twenty-four hours after the crime was committed and Christian was sent to Fincastle jail. The jail is being guarded tonight to prevent any attempt to lynch the negro. A mob gathered last night near Clifton Forge, but agreed not to attempt to lynch Christian while he "was at that place."

College News.

The following is the summary report of teachers for the sixth month which ended Feb. 12:

Total enrollment for the year, 330.

Number pupils in attendance during the month, 270.

Number of days taught, 20.

Total days attended by all pupils, 4,768.

Average number of days attended per pupil, 18.

Average number of pupils attending each day, 241.

Total number of tardies, 44.

Per cent. of attendance based on enrollment, 92.

Per cent. of attendance based on belonging, 94.

Revs. Virgil Elgin and R. T. Brown conducted chapel exercises at the college Monday morning. All departments of the school assembled in the college chapel and filled it to overflowing. Both ministers gave excellent talks.

Monday being Washington's birthday and a National holiday, the school was closed at noon for the rest of the day. Brief talks bearing on the life of Washington were made by the various teachers to their pupils before dismissal.

Mr. Albert Baughn has been quite sick at his home at Sunnysdale for several days. He hopes to be back soon.

Among those who visited their homes Saturday and Sunday were: John Carter, Joseph Brown, Vig oMorton, Carl Park, Levi Coleman, Elmer Allen, Courtland Taylor and Ney Rowan.

Misses Corda Wilson, America Bell and Dama Beck, Messrs. James Hamilton and Kerney Rhoades are the latest matriculates.

Next week marks the close of the third term and will be devoted in part to written examinations.

Call For a Candidate.

We, the undersigned voters of Point Pleasant voting precinct, earnestly solicit L. W. Tichenor to become a candidate for Magistrate. We pledge him our support.

L. E. Everly, Lefe Stone, F. O. Coffman, W. M. Tichenor, S. M. Everly, W. M. Boyd, L. W. Igleheart, J. C. Whittaker, A. T. Coffman, L. B. Tichenor, A. B. Coffman, D. L. Ev

erly, J. N. Stearsman, Cyrus Tichenor, J. P. Tichenor, H. L. Stearsman, M. W. Bell, John H. Cox, H. O. Coffman, J. W. Cox, O. V. Tatum, W. F. Coffman, Grant Keeth, L. L. Patterson, B. N. Patterson, A. C. Patterson, Ernie Bell, Maylan Everly, Horace Bennett.

Mrs. Marvin Bean Dead.

Mrs. Eva Bean, wife of Marvin Bean, died at her home on Walnut street last Monday night at 9:54 o'clock. She had been in bad health for a number of years, but the immediate cause of her death was pneumonia, from which she suffered only a few days. She leaves a husband and four small children and two sisters, besides a host of friends to mourn her death. She was a woman of many christian virtues, having been a faithful member of the Presbyterian church for a number of years, and will be greatly missed, especially in the family circle. Funeral services will be conducted this morning at 10 o'clock, by her pastor, Rev. Virgil Elgin, from the old Morton home on Union street, now the residence of a sister of the deceased, Miss Dessie Morton, after which the burial will take place in Oakwood cemetery.

Mrs. Bean was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Morton, deceased, respected and well known citizens of Hartford, and was 35 years old at the time of her death.

Sympathy goes out to the four little motherless children and to the bereaved father, who must bear the greater portion of this great sorrow. The beautiful soul of the sweet-natured mother and wife is now gone from them, but they know that when the time comes they will, in the spirit, each of them join the companionship of the sainted loved one, whose tender love will never die, and who is now reaping the reward of Him who said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

For Sale.

Several hundred acres of good farming lands, known as the J. F. Collins farm, distance about two miles from Hartford, on the Hartford and Beaver Dam pike.

Also residence property in Hartford, two-story dwelling, &c., and a half-acre lot, fronting the new M. H. & E. depot site. For prices and terms apply to W. H. or B. B. Collins, Hartford, Ky. 51tf

SHREVE.

Feb. 20.—Rough river is higher than its ever been this winter.

Mr. A. B. Grant went to Indiana last week to visit his brother W. A. Grant.

Dr. Godsey moved to Fordsville this Wednesday past and Rev. Murphy moved into his home place.

Mrs. Ambra Wilson was called to the bedside of her little sister, Lelia Nina Grant recently.

Mr. Leslie Shrader and wife are going to leave next week for New Bedford, Mass. They have many friends who regret their going, but wish them all the good luck they may have.

Mr. J. E. Grant has sold his farm and will move to Indiana.

Mr. Selby Grant has returned from the army where he has been for the last three years.

Mr. C. B. Carden was in this neighborhood this week buying stock.

Pleasant Grove Lodge, F. & A. M., No. 803, met on the night of the 20th—last week.

Mr. Robert Gentry, of Arkansas, was at home a few days last week.

Men Past Sixty In Danger.

More than half mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder troubles, usually enlargement of prostate gland. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rock Port, Mo., writes: "I suffered from enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." James H. Williams. m

Taylor-Hunter.

Mr. Owen Hunter, of Smallhouse, and Miss Debbie Taylor were married last Wednesday night at the bride's home on Union street, Rev. Virgil Elgin officiating. Mr. Hunter is well known and popular and his bride is one of Hartford's most charming and popular girls. They have the best wishes of a host of friends.

For Sale.

A scholarship in the Bowling Green Business University. For further particulars address Herald. u